Have Much to Do With Nation's Future

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IN THE center of this group, wearing an overcoat, is Will H. Hays, chairman of the Republican National Committee. On his right is Governor Sproul, of Pennsylvania. About them are members of the Republican National Committee and other prominent Republicans who gathered in Washington to fix the dates of and arrange plans for the Republican convention next year to nominate candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency and to announce the policies on which the party will go before the people.

There were other men at the gathering, who, perhaps, had more to do with the real work of fixing the plans than most of these. Men were placed on committees to announce the policy of the party and to make arrangements. Prominent in the list are some men who helped manage the party when it dumped Roosevelt at Chicago and went on the rocks trying to elect Taft the second time.

The same men who denounced and defeated Roosevelt in that memorable convention are now trying to capitalize his memory and trade on his name.

The history of the Republican party has been a good one, on the whole. It has done many great things for the country; it is only when it fell into the hands of greedy manipulators that it failed to function for the common good, and went down to defeat.

The men in this group, as a whole, represent ideals for the common good, and, were they to retain the real power in their own hands, good in all probability would come out of it.

Chicago, in 1920, will tell whether their ideas and ideals prevail or whether what is known as the "Old Guard" will again sway the party.

The "Old Guard" has it hands on the wires in many committee appointments, but the public as yet has the delegates to choose.

Will this committee help in permitting delegates to represent the people or will they permit the "Old Guard" to rule for the benefit of sinister interests?

The future of the party and, to a large extent, the future of the nation, rests on the action of the voters at the primaries.

The Japanese New Year's Celebration By CORA M. BACON

An Intimate Description of a New Year's Celebration in the Home of a Wealthy Japanese Lady

"TOMORROW," said Mrs. Sokito, "we begin *suzuhaki*. I am sure you won't mind the disturbance, it is necessary for the New Year." I assured her I would not mind anything, because whatever happened at her beautiful home was too delightful for words. I admitted I had no idea what a *suzuhaki* might be but was quite ready for it. It was then Mrs. Sokito explained that "*suzuhaki*" meant "great smut-cleaning," which is equivalent to our American "house-cleaning." This always takes place on the twentieth of December in preparation for Japan's greatest holiday celebration, the coming of the New Year.

Mrs. Sokito told me all this in the very best of English, which did not surprise me in the least, since she had been a classmate of mine when we were graduated at Wellesley not so many years before. I was visiting her at her home in the outskirts of Tokio when this happened and she explained that everyone in Japan made much of the event of the New Year. Old and young, rich and poor—all classes—join in the celebration which, I learned, was more like Christmas than New Year to one from the Occident because of the giving of presents, exchange of cards and sentiments and general rejoicing.

And so, on the morning of the next day, they began the *suzuhaki*. From early dawn on the twenty-first the servants were cleaning and sweeping and rubbing and wiping; their sleeves caught back by the *tasuki*, and a little blue and white wisp of a towel tied in a knot round their heads to keep the dust from their coiffures, they looked both picturesque and industrious. Great was the sound of the paper mop, flipping, flapping against all the glass and paper screens. All the screens dividing the rooms were taken out and the mats diligently swept.

As soon as the great "smut-cleaning" was over, all of Mrs. Sokito's attention was devoted to the buying of New Year presents for relatives, friends and servants. Day after day we stepped into her jinrikisha, and spent the afternoon in search of gifts. The assiduity with which she scoured the different bazaars for suitable articles won my admiration. One day I went into her room and found her seated in a chaos of purchases, looking over each one with that pleasurable anxiety which precedes thoughtful and friendly gift presentation. One cardcase in black, white and grey was an exquisite piece of brocade. The inner pocket took the line of Fuji, the sacred mountain, rising up in snowy grandeur from the adjacent hills, and at its foot was the scene, daintily woven in the silk, of a famous hunt of historical interest.

There were pieces of material for new kimonos for all the servants. Each kimono-length was held in place with a tassel of silk, and wrapped in thick paper. For myself there was one of those beautiful old-fashioned purses called "*hakosecko*," which used to form the finishing touch of every lady's toilet in the old days, and which carried a tiny mirror, powder, rouge and neatly folded sheets of rice paper, which took the place of a handkerchief. It was worn just above the *obi*, and beneath the bosom in the folding of the kimono, its scarlet tassel, miniature satchel and the bunch of chains of a silver hair ornament dangling out. In all households it is the custom to give new clothes to the servants at the New Year.

I hastened from my room to wish my hostess a "Happy New Year" at 8 o'clock and found them ready, waiting for the congratulations of the household. The servants came in together, dressed in their new kimonos and smartest chics, and were received ceremoniously by their master and mistress. The one man and four women servants prostrated themselves three or four times uttering profuse thanks for all the kindness they had received during the last year and entreating for a continuation of the same in the new. These phrases have been crystallized into little gems of polite and graceful wording by conventional custom and long usage.

In their turn the master and mistress congratulated the servants on entering the new year, thanked them for all the trouble they had taken in their service, and then bade them go and play battleboard and shuttlecock, the great New Year's game.

Mrs. Sokito took me through the house. The charcoal brazier's little glow was alight in every room, ready to welcome the caller, and on each table was set out the "Elysian Stand"—the Horae Dai—a red lacquer tray, on which were set the three lacquer wine cups, arranged in pyramid form, one above the other, on their tiny stand. By the side of this stood the *ochosi* (in the form of a low teapot with a long spout), holding the sweet congratulatory wine, and the handle ornamented with red and white string tied in the usual butterfly knot. The pictures hanging on the walls had all been changed and themes appropriate to the season chosen.

Certain things only are eaten at the beginning of the year, and these are prepared beforehand, so that no cooking beyond fish and seaweed soups, which can be prepared in a few minutes, is necessary. No work is supposed to be done in the house on New Year's day, and not even a single room must be swept for fear of sweeping away a particle of the congratulatory principle, or the god of Luck, who may, perchance, be tempted to find a resting place in the house. The air is supposed to be full of all kinds of things pertaining to good fortune, and therefore only the quiescent state of reception is countenanced; nothing must be dispersed or expended, not even a cent must leave the pocket. In most households, indeed, there is little time for anything beyond the entertainment of guests. My hostess placed a receptacle for cards on a table in the porch. Side by side with the tray she arranged a dainty vase of flowers in honor of the festive day, and here the outer circle of friends and acquaintances were content to drop their cards.

Everybody, rich and poor, great and small, young and old, believes that on that day the Treasure Boat with its passengers, Shicki-Fuku Jin, or Seven Gods of Luck, or Patrons of Happiness, as they would be called in the West, come into port laden with the good things of life and all the people most desire.

The Shicki-Fuku Jin are very important personages, for they govern the destinies of all, and to whomsoever they award happiness so it befalls. They have the charge of long life, riches, daily food, contentment, talents, glory, love, and marriage. Even in these modern days, when old customs are fast disappearing, their images, carved in wood, ivory, and stone, or cast in bronze, are found in every house, or sold in the stores or are painted on shop-signs, or found in picture books. The Happy Seven are favorite subjects for artists, and their portraits are painted in silk and hung up in the alcove of the guest-room at this time of the year.

The servants return from their games and serve food already prepared. After that my hostess was so kind as to take me out with her when she paid many calls. In the evening there was singing and dancing by many little girls, and so the delightful Japanese New Year day ended.